Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed:
Looke sir, here's comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be love on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Jul. To answer that I should confesse to you.
Par. Doe not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye I am sure that you love me.
Jul. If I doe so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Jul. The teares have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares with that report.
Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:
My Lord, we must intreat the time alone.
Pa. God shield I should disturbe devotion.
Juliet, on thursday early will I rowse ye,
Till then adieu, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits;
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hear'st of this,
Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst give no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife Ile helpe it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo's* seal'd,
Shall be the Label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turne to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long experienc't time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the Umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy yeares and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
If what thou speak'st speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kinde of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'st with death himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.
Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any Tower:
Or walke in theevish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where serpents are: chaine me with roring beares,
Or hide me nightly in a charnell house,
Ore covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes, and yellow chapless skuls:
Or bid me goe into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to heare them told have made me tremble,

And